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## Howl at the Moon

by [NjalsSong34](#)

### Summary

With the full moon putting Stiles on edge, Derek comes over to distract him from his new werewolf senses. And as always with Sterek, one thing leads to another.

### Notes

This is something a little different for me, I'm usually plot intensive and build up to sex at a glacial pace, but I have writers block in that

area, so it was fun to try something new.

# Chapter 1

Stiles sat in his room, staring at his computer longingly and rocking, then getting up to pace. He could do this, he reminded himself. The full moon wasn't scary for him anymore, he had stopped trying to tear every living thing near him apart two moons ago. Now it was just a night he had to get through. And for a few days before the night, but Stiles actually appreciated the build up, instead of waking up one day and feeling as if he wanted to peel off his own skin.

He had made it 22 years as a human, and six years as a the human sidekick to the Pack, before fighting supernaturals finally caught up with him. The Alpha's name who had bitten him he hadn't even meant to bite Stiles in the first place. He and his pack had been captured by hunters that made Kate Argent look reasonable, and during the rescue, the Alpha had snapped at a human on instinct, nipping Stiles in his upper arm.. It was a stupid mistake, that Stiles would be living for the rest of his life.

"Stiles?" his father knocked on the door, making Stiles' head feel as if someone was whacking it with a stick. "I'm going to work, you'll be ok?"

"Yeah," Stiles nodded, swallowing nervously and thinking it was probably better if his father wasn't there. Stiles had been avoiding him all day, desperate to get away from the sharp smell of his gun and his stifling soap, trying to keep himself from committing his father's scent to memory. He didn't want to recognize people by smell, like a trained dog. "I'll be fine, I'll probably just sleep through it."

"You haven't slept straight for the last three nights," the Sheriff reminded softly, smiling sadly when Stiles winced at being caught. "Are you even tired?"

Stiles shook his head, scratching the tips of his fingers on his jeans and memorizing the shape of his fingernails. He hadn't felt tired, he felt wired,

the endless energy and heightened senses of the wolf feeding his ADHD and making sleep seem like a chore.

"You'll sleep well tomorrow," the Sheriff tried to find a bright side. "I have my phone. If you need anything, give me a call."

"Will do," Stiles lied through his teeth, cracking his knuckles and checking his fingers again.

"Say hi to Derek for me," the Sheriff said, grinning at Stiles' rolled eyes, patting Stiles door and closing it softly behind him.

Stiles scratched his ear as the sound jarred into his brain, then turned back to a book and tried to concentrate on that. The text was too sharp and clear as his eyes tried to adjust to the full moon, and every rustle of the page sounded like a flock of birds taking off. Getting up, Stiles wandered to the bathroom, splashing water onto his face and studying himself in the mirror. Blinking, Stiles scowled at the yellow irises glowing back at him. In any other situation, Stiles would have thought it looked awesome, intimidating. But with the other instincts and abilities screaming at him, it was a gaudy reminder that he wasn't human anymore. Stiles flinched as his claws pricked his leg through his jeans, drawing points of blood through the cloth as the pain faded immediately.

"Damn it!" Stiles cursed as the knock on the door smack him in the head. "How do you turn this shit down?"

Taking a sip of water to cool down, Stiles ran down the hall, leaping down the stairs in a single jump and landing on his feet. He hated himself as soon as his feet hit the floor and he didn't stumble. It had been a spur of the moment instinct, to use up his energy on an easy jump. It was the type he thing he used to hate when Scott and Isaac had done it, but now he did himself.

"You not only become a fleabag, you become an arrogant fleabag," Stiles sighed, yanking the door open. "I hate you."

Derek shrugged, unfazed by Stiles' bitter greeting. Derek was also unfazed by the full moon, and he knew that made Stiles mad. Stiles had wanted to get control of the change in one try, prove that he had perfected the methods he used on Scott in the beginning. It hadn't worked that way, Stiles' frazzled energy and paranoia keeping him fighting the change longer than some Betas did, wrenching on the chains Scott and Derek had put him in, snapping and clawing at them and Isaac when they tried to help. The first three full moons had left him curled up in the chains on the floor, exhausted, shaking, and hating himself for having the impulse to destroy those around him again.

"Too bad," Derek retorted, coming in when Stiles held the door open, smirking as he saw Stiles' eyes flash in annoyance. It made Stiles even more transparent than they had been when he was human. Making himself comfortable on the couch, Derek chuckled as Stiles paced, "That makes it worse."

"Which part?" Stiles asked bitterly, dodging Derek's playful grab for him. "The hunger, the headache, or the fact that I want to hump everything." Stiles stopped, a terrible realization making him blurt, "Oh, fuck, I'm you."

Derek let the jab slide, taking digging into his bag as he asked, "That bad?"

"I can hear and smell every fart in the neighborhood, I almost ate hamburger raw yesterday because it was taking too long to cook, and I popped a boner in class the other day because a girl said 'stilts,' and it kinda sounded like my name," Stiles said.

"Why stilts?" Derek asked.

"Can you try being a good boyfriend and focus on my shit, please?" Stiles snapped.

Derek chuckled, holding out the take out bag of burgers out to Stiles, then diving back into his bag when Stiles cheered at the bounty. Stiles finally sat down, digging into the greasy bag and unwrapping a cheeseburger, sniffing at it unhappily.

"Why does it smell so...gross?" Stiles asked mournfully, licking his lips and turning the burger over.

"You're smelling stale grease times ten," Derek reminded. "It'll still taste good, just don't sniff it like a drug dog."

"Super senses suck," Stiles pouted, stuffing half of the burger in his mouth, relieved to discover that Derek was right, the meat tasted as good as ever and made his stomach stop growling.

"You get used to them," Derek promised. "After a few more months, you'll be able to turn them off on the full moon too."

"Oh, great, a few months," Stiles grumbled, starting in on the second burger and licking grease off of his fingers.

"We all went through it," Derek held up a pack of ear plugs. "These'll help you sleep next time. It'll dim it down to...only 5 times better than normal."

"What about the smell?" Stiles asked pettily, tossing the earplugs aside.

"You're stuck with that," Derek admitted. "Unless you want to shove those up your nose."

Stiles considered it, finishing the second burger in a gulp and feeling less than ravenous for the first time that day. Derek picked through the bag, snacking on the third burger, feeling his own stomach groan at the smell. Stiles flinched as a car alarm went off across the street, smacking his hands over his ears.

"Do these ever become anything but a pain in the ass?!" Stiles demanded, slowly removing his hands as the alarm was shut off.

"They come in handy for avoiding madmen with guns....sometimes," Derek admitted, crumpling up the burger trash and leaning back on the couch.

"What type of idiot species can't control it's senses from the get go?" Stiles leaned back beside him, crossing his arms in annoyance.

"Most of them?" Derek looked at him.

"Shut up," Stiles grouched, curling up and looking miserable.

Derek smirked again instead of laughing, leaning over and kissing Stiles as he frowned. Stiles tried to keep frowning, but unable to keep a grim mouth when Derek was pressing kisses to the corners to make him smile. He hated to admit it to himself, but Derek's scent was one he had committed to memory. Derek's and Lydia's, and he found himself able to recognize Scott, Isaac, and Kira's without trying. Kissing Derek back, Stiles inhaled, letting Derek's scent comfort him, warm and strong like sun warmed earth.

"Have humans always smelt so bad?" Stiles asked.

"Yeah," Derek laughed, kissing Stiles and then leaning back. "Depends on the human, but most of them get pretty rank."

"Them," Stiles said scornfully, snatching another kiss before Derek escaped. "We're still part of 'them.'"

Derek nodded silently, not sure he agreed with Stiles. Then again, Derek had been born a werewolf and had a healthy mistrust for humans taught to him from an early age. Stiles had spent the majority of his life so far as a human. It was probably better if he was allowed to cling to the familiar.

"Ow!" Stiles winced as a car backfired. "Damn it, why can't the world be quiet and stop reeking for five minutes!?"

"Now you know what it was like being around you," Derek teased.

"I didn't reek!" Stiles insisted.

"You didn't smell like a rose, either," Derek informed, secretly glad that Stiles smelled like a wolf these days. Stiles winced again as the car roared and sped off down the road. Standing up, Derek leaned down and kissed Stiles, luring Stiles to the edge of the couch with retreating kisses, suggesting, "Come on. I think I can help with that."

"Which?" Stiles asked, feeling his fly start to press against him as the kisses drove his already active hormones into overdrive.

Derek grinned, promising, "Both. Can we use your shower?"

"No," Stiles retorted, letting Derek pull him up.

"Good, let's go," Derek said, scooping Stiles up over his shoulder and heading for the stairs. Wow, Stiles was hard up, Derek noted, tossing Stiles to a better position on his shoulder.

"Put me down, you weirdo!" Stiles shouted irritably, hanging upside down by Derek's elbow.

"Ugh, this was easier when you were a weakling," Derek grunted as Stiles twisted and kicked until Derek dropped him on the floor of the bathroom. "I'm trying to help you!"

"Use your words!" Stiles shouted from where he was lying on the floor. "Not your Viking like fetch methods!"

Derek rolled his eyes, leaving Stiles to pout on the floor as he turned on the water. The rush of the faucet filled the bathroom, and Derek tried to hide a sigh of relief as his own attuned hearing got a break in the soft white noise. Even the most experienced werewolf suffered a spike in senses the week of the full moon.

"Water drowns out sounds, and smells," Derek explained adjusting the temperature and taking off his shoes. "It's like a muffler for our senses for a little bit."

"You mean a muffler to everything else," Stiles corrected, sitting up and picking at the knots in his shoes. "It's not dimming us down, it's making everything else seem softer. But...it isn't actually making it softer...do you know what a muffler is?"

"I know what a muzzle is," Derek grumbled, taking off his shirt. "Want to try one of those instead?"



Stiles shook his head and looked up just in time to realize how unfair the world was. Stiles stifled a whimper of new found awe as Derek folded his shirt on the sink, stepping out of his jeans and kicking his boxers, naked in his full glory and making Stiles cock try to burst out of his jeans. As Stiles struggled to get his pants off, Stiles couldn't help but think that Derek was doing this on purpose.

What Stiles didn't remember was that he wasn't the only one with hormones coursing through him. Derek turned around, hiding a smirk as he followed Stiles obvious line of sight, then turning on his heel and climbing into the shower, calling, "A cold shower wouldn't hurt, either, right?"

"You aren't funny," Stiles grumbled under his breath, pulling off his shirt and then dropping his pants. Looking down at his erection, Stiles scolded, "You were bad enough in high school."

"What?" Derek poked his head around the shower curtain, scowling and trying not to laugh, "Are you talking to your junk?"

"You know those PSA's that say 'if it's been up for more than four hours, see a doctor?'" Stiles asked as he climbed in, the two men looking at the erection between them. "It's been like this for four days, and it pops back up like that Bobo the clown doll."

"You love that I can do that," Derek reminded, tossing water in Stiles face.

"Not in the middle of my morning class!" Stiles said. "I had to waddle out of there like a guy smuggling pot up his butt, and the professor is an 80 year old woman with dentures."

"Gee, thanks, high standards."

"It's not like I wanted to," Stiles said. "One minute, I'm studying bio, the next minute, this thing goes rogue."

Stiles dunked his head underwater, trying to think deflating thoughts and ignore Derek's body so close to his, a combination that was completely

ineffective and only convinced his cock that it should stay at attention. Derek shook his head tipping Stiles chin up and kissing him on the mouth.

"Wow, you got it bad," Derek laughed, pulling Stiles close by his neck.

"There's a spectrum of how much being a fleabag can make having a dick suck?" Stiles asked, sucking in when his cock brushed against Derek's stomach.

"You always were desperate to get laid," Derek nodded, pulling Stiles closer with a hand on his back and feeling Stiles cock rub against his body, prodding against him. "And now you have every pheromone in town driving you nuts."

"Thank you for stating the obvious," Stiles hissed, shuddering as Derek's hand left his neck to trail down his body, tickling his chest and stomach as Derek traced a circle around Stiles' belly button with his thumb.

"It's something else you have to learn to handle," Derek said, kissing Stiles' lips and chin. "It takes some practice."

Stiles arched forward as Derek dropped his hand, but Derek's hand swerved, tracing Stiles' hip bones and his thumb pressing into the hollow of Stiles' hip. Stiles lunged forward and kissed Derek, driving his tongue into Derek's mouth to taste more of him as his river of hormones burst. Derek let Stiles tear into his mouth, then tipped his mouth away, kissing down Stiles chin and leaving hickeys as he sucked Stiles throat.

"I guess it can't hurt to show you how it's done," Derek mumbled into Stiles neck.

Stiles nodded, trying to catch Derek's wandering hand and guide it to his aching groin, but Derek ignored him, pinching Stiles' ass when Stiles tried to wiggle and make friction against Derek. Stiles whimpered, aloud this time, as the hot water made his skin prickle and Derek's mouth made his neck burn. Derek traced Stiles collarbone, his stubble tickling and his tongue snaking along the collarbone before darting back again, just light

enough to raise goosebumps despite Derek's scorching breath.

"Then, then show me," Stiles begged, shaking with the effort of not grabbing Derek and sucking him dry, of trying to stand still through Derek's teasing.

He felt Derek smile against his neck, before Derek moved on to Stiles chest. His kisses were light, but seemed to sear Stiles wherever they landed, the red marks fading as soon as Derek's lips left his skin. Derek kept his hands on Stiles' hips to keep him standing still, making Stiles wait. His own cock had started to throb, as Derek listened to Stiles pant and whine the lower Derek got. Derek followed the trails of water down Stiles' body until he was licking Stiles' hips around his own fingers, and tracing the curve of Stiles' inner leg with his tongue.

"Fuck...fuck, fuck," Stiles breathed as Derek finally acknowledged his cock, placing teasing kisses along the the side of the shaft, teasing Stiles with flicks of his tongue.

Derek hummed a response, making Stiles' jump from the vibrations and gripping Stiles' hips more firmly to keep him still. Stiles moaned, growling in frustration as Derek batted his hands aside as he tried to push Derek down, his chest and stomach heaving as Derek finally took him into his mouth.

Stiles' next moan was cut off in a breathless yelp as Derek licked him from balls to head, stroking the bottom of Stiles shaft with on hand as he dragged his mouth up and flicked his tongue. Stiles rocked on his feet, bucking his hips forward and hissing unhappily when Derek removed his lips.

"Wait," Derek ordered as Stiles thrust into his hand. "Wait, wait."

"For what?" Stiles implored, pumping his hips and looking down at Derek.

"Practice some self control," Derek teased, loosing his grip and denying Stiles the friction he wanted.

"This wasn't my idea!" Stiles begged, grabbing Derek's hand and tightening it again. "How is giving me blue balls helpful?"

"I'm not giving you blue balls, I'm not letting you hump everything in sight," Derek reminded, keeping his hand still as Stiles jostled it with his hips, returning to kisses on Stiles thighs. Stiles groaned in frustration, forcing himself to stand still, rewarded when Derek bobbed his head on Stiles' cock again, dropping his hands from Stiles' hips as Stiles learned not to try and thrust. Derek was slow, stopping to kiss Stiles stomach and twist his hand slowly, waiting until Stiles asking for more under his breath before he started sucking again. With the full moon, Stiles scent was overpowering, making Derek's own cock start to pulse resentfully at being left unattended.

"Derek," Stiles shuddered as Derek jerked back just as Stiles thrust forward, keeping his mouth on the tip of Stiles cock, and Stiles in bliss but thoroughly unsatisfied. "Derek, stop."

Derek did, surprised by Stiles request, Brushing water out of his face and wondering if he had taken the game too far, Derek stood up, barely having time to look at Stiles flushed face before Stiles had lunged at his mouth, taking Derek's pause of confusion to grab Derek's cock. Before Derek could back up, Stiles was stroking him, bending his head to flutter his tongue along Derek's chest, bringing Derek's nipples to stiff attention.

The tables had turned, and now Derek wished he hadn't teased, Stiles snaked his tongue into Derek's mouth, sucking on Derek's lips and tongue and making Derek shudder, but stroking Derek slowly, until there was no doubt that Derek was as hard as Stiles was.

"Pay back is a bitch, huh?" Stiles asked, his eyes flashing when he leaned back from kissing Derek.

"This kind's not so bad," Derek noted, grinning in defeat when Stiles loosened his grip so Derek rocked forward into empty air.

"Good to hear," Stiles promised, snatching a kiss from Derek. "Since I want

you to stop fucking around and fuck me. Now."

Derek pretended to consider, shouting as Stiles suddenly pumped hard, reminding Derek that the only thing keeping him from pinning Stiles against the wall and fucking him was trying to act superior.

"Here?" Derek asked, and Stiles grinned, shaking his head.

"Lube is in the bedroom," Stiles admitted.

"Then why are we still here?" Derek scoffed, turning off the water.

"Because you tried to be clever," Stiles ruffled a towel down his body and brushed off Derek, shouting as Derek scooped him up over his shoulder again and made for the bedroom in brisk strides.

Stiles let him carry him that was this time, yelping as Derek smacked his ass when Stiles tried to wiggle against Derek's shoulder. Derek tossed him on the bed, falling on top of him and trapping Stiles under his arms. Groping for the bedside table, Derek rumbled as Stiles leaned up and kissed his throat, lapping missed drops of water off of Derek's skin and pushing them back on the bed as the sheets stuck to their damp bodies.

"Hurry up," Stiles ordered as Derek fiddled with the cap. "Hurry up, hurry up."

Derek wrenched off the cap, coating his fingers in lube and reaching between their bodies, teasing Stiles with a finger before plunging it into Stiles and relishing Stiles whine. Derek flicked his wrist, making Stiles twist on his finger and rubbing himself against Stiles stomach.

"Stop wasting time," Stiles panted into the pillows, throwing one out of his way in misplaced frustration and jerking his own cock.

Derek watched Stiles wiggle, back onto Derek's fingers and into his own hand, shining from a mixture of water, sweat, Derek's spit, and pre cum, his head tipped back as he gasped for air and begged for Derek. Derek particularly liked that last part.

"What do you want?" Derek asked, kissing Stiles cock under Stiles' jerking hand, and flexing his wrist again.

"Don't ask stupid questions," Stiles scolded, accidentally knocking Derek in the face as he pumped down. "Of all the times to be talkative..."

"That didn't tell me what you want," Derek asked spitefully for Stiles' light punch to his nose.

Stiles looked down, glaring at Derek kneeling between his legs as he teased Stiles with another flick of his fingers and a nip to Stiles' knuckles. Stiles was still as desperate and horny as he had been fifteen minutes ago, and he was still bursting with energy, Derek's scent and the sound of his rough breathing making it hard to think.

"I want you to fuck me," Stiles said, spreading his legs and kicking at Derek to come up. "I want you to fuck me, I want you to fuck me, I want you to fuck-!"

Stiles writhed as Derek twisted his wrist and then took away his hand, crawling up Stiles body and kissing his heaving stomach and chest, letting Stiles thrust against him. Tangling his fingers in Stiles' hair and kissing him until Stiles was moaning and pushing himself up with his feet to force his cock against Derek, Derek informed, "All you have to do is ask."

Stiles didn't know that he could be out of breath as a werewolf, but Derek had done it, and Stiles moaned, giving into Derek's game and begging, "Derek, will you please stop being an asshole and fuck mine?"

Derek laughed, leaning over Stiles and kissing him gently on the nose.

"I thought you'd never ask," Derek said, and Stiles braced himself for a sharp thrust, sighing into Derek's mouth when Derek eased into him slowly instead. Derek teased Stiles with a short thrust, grunting when Stiles wrapped his legs around Derek's hips and yanked him forward to finished the motion.

"Oh," Stiles realized as he felt his senses sharpen, his skin shivering and his pulse pounding in his ears over each lunge of Derek's hips. His skin was on fire and every rock of Derek's hips sent a spike of desire shooting through his limbs with an intensity that dulled his other senses. "Got it."

"Exactly," Derek chuckled, kneading Stiles' leg and kissing him in short bursts, "This is educational."

"Huh, I hope you didn't give the same tutorial to...ok, ok, it was a joke, don't stop, you bastard," Stiles begged when Derek paused to punish his insinuation. "Oh my god, I just want cum and conk out, this is not the time for carrot and stick conditioning!"

"You're such a romantic," Derek laughed, forgiving Stiles quickly, given the situation.

"Hey, I want you to cum too. Give and take is the basis of any..." Stiles trailed off as Derek stroked his cock, his legs shaking around Derek at the sensation. "Yeah, do that faster."

Stiles stopped trying to talk, wordless exclamations replacing his commentary as Derek pounded into him at a relentless pace. Derek savaged Stiles' throat and chest with rough kisses, selfishly grateful that he no longer had to worry about breaking Stiles in half, and grateful that the Sheriff wasn't home as the headboard crashed into the wall with a loud crack.

"We dented the wall," Derek whispered in Stiles' ear.

"How the fuck did you make that sexy?" Stiles gasped, looking backwards and upside down at the damage. "I...we...I don't give a fuck."

Derek didn't either, already torn between monitoring Stiles and the sensation of Stiles tightening and squeezing around him and Stiles moaning and panting. He could feel Stiles barreling towards orgasm. Stiles' eyes flashed yellow, and his legs were wrapped like a vice around Derek. Stiles looked sideways at his hands wrapped in the sheets, relieved to see that his claws were still in, along with his fangs.

"Don't think about that," Derek ordered pinning the hand down to the mattress and bucking sharply to hold Stiles' attention. Leaning down, Derek pressed Stiles into the mattress, mouthing the hollow of his neck and jerking him off in time to his thrusts.

"Holy...yes," Stiles gasped, shoving his hand between their bodies and wrapping his hand over Derek's, forcing him to jerk faster. "Fuck, I think I'm gonna-"

Stiles stiffened, and Derek went momentarily deaf as Stiles roared in his ear, surprising both of them with the bestial squall as he finished, bursting over his and Derek's joined hands. Stiles gasped for breath, babbling, "I didn't mean to do that, what the fuck, I didn't meant to-"

"Shut up," Derek grunted.

Derek's finishing roar made Stiles vibrate, and Stiles pressed congratulatory kisses on Derek's chest. Derek stayed over him as his thrusts tapered off, leaning over Stiles on bent arms.

"Nice roar," Derek teased, pecking Stiles on the lips. "Are you going to howl next time?"

"Like you could actually make me do that," Stiles scoffed. "You didn't have to roar."

"The whole point was to show you how this is done," Derek said haughtily. "Like how to roar like a real werewolf."

"Bullshit," Stiles accused. "You were just showing off."

Stiles finally felt exhausted, his keen senses drowned out from sensory overload. Derek stretched out on the bed, kicking tangled sheets off of his legs, rolling over to check on Stiles. Stiles held up his hand again, turning it over, expecting to see claws.

"That wasn't so bad," Stiles flexed his unclawed fingers.



"Yeah," Derek took the hand in his to keep Stiles from obsessing over a test he had already passed. "It's nice that we don't tear each other apart in the sack."

"Yeah, but I figured, with all the blood pumping places and the heat of the moment-"

"It's not that simple," Derek assured, rolling over to lie on his stomach. "The pulse isn't the only thing that counts, that'd mean we'd transform at the drop of a hat, we'd never have survived this long."

"Scott did. I did."

"For the first few days," Derek conceded. "Then you start to get used to the change and you aren't so...sensitive."

Stiles sighed, pulling his pillow to him and snuffling into it. Derek frowned sympathetically, leaning over and placing a kiss on the back of Stiles' neck. Resting his chin on Stiles' back, Derek promised. "Now that you're no chained, you're doing better than most Betas."

"I don't even want to be one," Stiles grumbled.

"I know," Derek said softly. "But it won't be this strong forever. A few more full moons and you'll level out."

Rolling over and letting Derek rest his chin on his stomach, Stiles wanted to believe him. But knowing Scott, and him, and Isaac, and ever other werewolf Stiles had ever encountered, getting control of the change was just the beginning. But, Stiles admitted, he didn't have a choice anymore.

"And until then," Stiles snuggled down until Derek was leaning over him. "Is this your distraction technique?"

Derek scoffed, pushing Stiles down and leaning over him, growling, "And you say I ask stupid questions."

"Good," Stiles said, leaning up and kissing Derek, then falling back and

getting comfortable with Derek beside him. "We might as well make use of the perk."

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